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CHARITON COURIER.

VOLUME XIV.

KEYTESVILLE MO.. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1886.

NUMBER 52.

Job Printing,
of all kinds executed with
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.
A large stock of
Legal Blanks,
For Justices of the Peace, Township and
Road Officers, also all kinds of
DEEDS,
At St. Louis Prices.
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HARDWARE AND TINWARE!

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We are still Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware, Carpenters' Tools, Cutlery, Sewing Machine Supplies, Nails, and will sell Goods as Cheap as any House in Chariton County can or Dare sell them.
We have a few Shot Guns still on hand, both breech and muzzle loading, which we will sell way below their value in order to dispose of them. They are first-class in every particular, and you can secure bargains by calling early, as they must be sold.

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We manufacture all of our Tinware, using nothing but the best material, and guarantee it far superior, in every respect, to goods manufactured in the East. Repairing of all kinds neatly executed, prompt and Cheap. Give us a Call and we will trade with you.
Yours, Respectfully,

WHITEMAN and VAUGHAN,
Keytesville, Missouri.

GLASS AND WOODENWARE

REMOVED!

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IN OUR

MAGNIFICENT NEW STORE BUILDING!

Where we are Receiving a d Opening up a

Stock of Goods!

That will

Astonish the Natives!

We Shall be Glad to have our Friends and the Public Generally Call and See Us, and Assure all that

WITH

Unsurpassed Facilities!

BOTH FOR BUYIN AND HANDLING GOODS

We Propose To Furnish OUR CUSTOMERS

A Stock to Select From Unexcelled in

North Missouri!

Our Prices are

ALWAYS THE VERY LOWEST!

Cordially inviting all to call and see us, we are,

RESPECTFULLY,

M. W. ANDERSON & CO.,

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

A Change Needed.
Under the present law, if an individual is so unfortunate as to become insane, he has to be taken before the county court and his insanity established before he can be admitted to an asylum. Our county courts, as at present constituted, are composed of three members who live in different portions of the county. To get the members of this sort of a court together is sometimes tedious, and always expensive. Time and expense can be saved by transferring all such matters to the judge of the probate court who lives at the county seat. We hope our next legislature will give this matter their attention and change the law.

The cost and unnecessary delay of our present system is exemplified in the case of a citizen of this county whose mind became unbalanced not long since, and who was sent here last Tuesday to have his insanity proven before the county court. The court was not in session, and will not be till the first of March. The unfortunate man was turned over to the sheriff, who put him in jail for safe-keeping. The sheriff was compelled to do this or pay for a guard himself. Had the patient been taken before Judge Minter, the judge of probate, the matter could have been settled at once, and the patient sent to the asylum instead of to jail. The proposed method is the cheapest, as well as the most humane.

Burned Bones.

The Monroe City News tells a story, (we never saw it in any other paper) with the above caption. It gives the account of the elopement from Maryville, Mo., ten years since of Frank Brown and Minnie Maxwell, the bride was a daughter of Judge Maxwell, the richest farmer in Nodaway county. The runaway couple went to Chillicothe and set up to house-keeping and shortly afterwards the irate father also arrived in Chillicothe in search of his runaway daughter. He put up at the hotel and that night the house in which the young couple lived was burned together with its contents and occupants, as was supposed—at least the charred remnants of two persons were drawn from the embers of the burnt building. These facts being communicated to Judge Maxwell, while at breakfast, he fainted as he had no doubt that his daughter had been burned. He had the remains of the burned bodies gathered and taken home for interment and here the matter rested till recently when a young man from Maryville, met a gentleman named Brown, a large mine owner in Aspen, Col., and in a conversation revealed the fact that Brown and his wife, formerly lived in Maryville and that she was a daughter of Judge Maxwell. Since then explanations were made and a happy reunion of parents and daughter followed. The parents on learning that their daughter was living started to hunt her up in her western home. They went as far as Denver, when the mother was taken sick and unable to prosecute her journey further, they wrote the facts to Brown and made further inquiry as to whether his wife was their daughter. In response a letter came signed by both Brown and his wife informing them that they would be in Denver as soon as possible when they could ascertain for themselves in reference to who Brown and his wife were. The meeting took place as per announcement, the father and mother recognized their daughter whom they had long since given up for dead. Mrs. Brown and her four children accompanied her parents back to her old home. Brown says the house he rented at Chillicothe had been vacant for some time and that some young doctors in the town had appropriated one of the rooms to their own use for purpose of dissection. The doctors were not aware that Brown had rented the house. On retiring Brown had not locked the front door. In the night he heard a noise in the front room and opened the door to ascertain the cause when several men ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. He struck a light and was horrified to find two dead bodies, one of a man and the other of a woman. His wife refused to remain in the house a moment longer so they dressed and left. Before leaving Brown lit a cigar and thinks he must have thrown the match among rubbish as they had scarcely reached the depot when the building was in flames. They had intended going to a hotel and staying all night, but his wife saw her father get off the train at which she became frightened; they then determined to go to St. Louis, and there they read the account in the papers of their tragic death. They then concluded to remain silent till the whole thing blew over, then surprise the old folks. They went west and Brown forbade his wife to open up a correspondence with her parents. She obeyed him. He intended going back when he had made his pile.

Husbands.
Who has ever defined, truly and well, all the relations of the home? So many homes have been made unhappy and wretched by mistakes in association and in government, as well as in duties and in service, that we are, at least, safe in saying that no uniform theory of home-life has ever been adopted; if, indeed, it has ever been suggested or conceived. To make home happy, what are the duties of the husband? Are they separate and distinct, or, co-operative and sympathetic? It is beneath the dignity of a man to be familiar, from active contact, with all details of home life; or, is it becoming, when opportunity affords, to find him side by side, with his wife, subject to her control, in the work she does, in the routine of her service?

God intended the home should be the antetype of Heaven—love its ruling principle, with gentleness, forbearance and forgiveness governing its associations and making its union; in all these we believe, for the best good there must be the sympathy of service.

We are sure that this idea, in its perfection, can never be reached without the sweet influence and strong support of a Christian life and Christian character; yet it can be approached, and he lives best, who preserves the sanctity of his home, in the loving kindness of its inmates through their sympathy of help. Whatever may be the life before the world, in its charities, its devotions and its usefulness, it is all belied, if these things are forgotten in the more secret and sacred precincts of the home. There are times and places in which the husband should be the help-mate, and, if need be, the servant of his wife.

Some little time since, we looked into the face of a tired woman, burdened with the cares of a large and growing household. From early dawn until late at night, she struggled patiently with her servants, her children and her duties; her devotion was as sweet as her manner was gentle. Her energy was greater than her strength, and her duties were more than she could discharge. Brave and true and faithful, "she did what she could." Tired and exhausted, she folded her arms and laid down to die, a martyr to duty. Her husband, with ample time on his hands, never ordered the grain to the mill; never measured a meal to be served; never helped to make a bed or dust a room; too much of a gentleman ever to know the details of domestic life; he looked upon his wife as she faded away without his sympathy of service.

Was he right to withhold it? Let the question be asked in all the homes where we are heard, and let it be answered. Is there a husband who makes his home as it should be, who has never been with his wife, or rather for his wife; to the coffee mill, the sugar barrel, the flour bin, the meat tub, the meat house or the potato bank? As the beautiful charity of the Scripture is not embodied in, "be ye warm and be ye filled," so the sweet devotion of home life is not found in empty professions of affection, without the fullest and tenderest sympathy of home service.—Southern Cultivator.

The Cost of a Bushel of Corn.

There is a statistician who desires to impress everybody with economic facts. Said he yesterday: Do you see that man over there? Well he's a farmer. There he goes with a friend; they're going to get a drink. The farmer will pay for it. Now, let me see. That man will sweat two mortal hours next spring to plow enough ground to raise one bushel of corn. That bushel of corn he will sell for less than 30 cents. He is going in there now to spend 30 cents for two drinks. Therefore, the farmer and the corn have parted. Now, let me tell you what becomes of the corn. A bushel of corn makes seventeen quarts of whisky—four and a quarter gallons. The distillery gets its first profit—40 cent a gallon. There you are: \$2 for that bushel of corn. Now the government comes in, 90 cents a gallon—\$8.85, added to the \$2, makes \$5.85. That brings the product of the bushel of corn down to the jobber and the wholesaler and, finally, by several stages, to the retailer. By the time it reaches the latter the bushel of corn or its products of four and a quarter gallons has been reduced one-half, which means eight and a half gallons—that is the average—eight and a half gallons means 270 drinks at 25 cents each—there we have \$46.35 as the consumer's price for a bushel of corn which the farmer raises and sells for 30 cents. Who says there is no industry in this country? But the farmer we saw just now spent his whole bushel of corn in the price of two drinks, and the people who do not till the soil get away with \$46.05.—Exchange.

Eight sheep herders on the Solomon Luna ranch, Valencia, N. M., were killed in a fight with the Apache Indians on Feb. 17th.

SAM JONES says: "I sometimes go to a place and find the preacher in the shaft, pulling the whole load, with his tongue lolling out, and the whole church upon the wagon, some dancing, some gambling, some drinking, some swearing, some fussing, some praying, some weeping, some shouting, some tattling, some scolding—and at all times taking a whack at the poor little half dead preacher, pulling for dear life."

CORRESPONDENTS of the Macon papers from Brevier say the future prospects of that city are not encouraging. Her coal fields have developed a town of 1,200 inhabitants, but rival mines are furnishing the Kansas City and St. Joe markets with coal, several cents on the bushel cheaper than it can be furnished from the Bevier mines, hence the trade and work has fallen off greatly. Their only hope for saving the town, as they think, is to sink shafts to the thick vein of coal, supposed to be over seven feet, at a depth of 350 feet below the surface.

A man cannot live in the world without being weighed all the time. There is only one story told in the Bible of a man having the fact that he was below weight, like the stones of a false balance, written right down on the wall of his dining-room; and yet there may be a hundred persons all around us who have each weighed us and found us wanting. A man really wanting in moral character cannot conceal it, and he walks through the world with a hundred people whispering, "mene, mene," behind his back. He never sees the words written down, as Belshazzar did, on the wall, but they are written down all the same by the angle of record, and one of these days the book will be opened in his sight. Belshazzar only got a little the start of thousands of other people; for he saw the record an hour before he died and they read its verdict an hour after. We can better say that each man writes down his own weight by the side of each act of his in an indelible record, which will require no Daniel to read to him so long as his soul exists.—N. Y. Independent.

THE Monroe City News tells of a swindler who came to that place several weeks since for the purpose of buying hay. He said his name was Edward L. Seltzer, that he was paid by the government to buy hay for government purposes, and exhibited several vouchers to prove his assertion. He managed to contract for and ship six car loads of hay without paying any money therefor. The swindler then left on the railroad saying that he was going to Elly Station and would be back the same morning. He wrote back that he was in Quincy and was going to La-helle, and would return two days afterward. Nothing wrong was suspected till the last mentioned time for his return passed and the swindler had not yet arrived. The hay that was bought, delivered, and not shipped was attached, and interested parties sent to St. Louis with the hope of saving the hay that had been shipped,—with what success they met the News had not learned. The time seems to have arrived when it is altogether unsafe to trust strangers.

THE St. Louis Post-Dispatch thinks there is a great inequality in the assessed valuation of real estate in St. Louis as compared with the remainder of the state, and says the discrimination in values has always been against St. Louis and as a result St. Louis pays about two-fifths of the state taxes. The Dispatch wants the State Board of Equalization at its next meeting to place a higher valuation upon real estate in the country or lower the valuation in the city. Secretary McGrath doubts the authority of the State board to do anything of the kind, as the local authorities make the assessment at valuations sufficient to levy and collect taxes for local needs. Then we might say to the Dispatch and the secretary of state that valuations are already so high in the country as to work a hardship in the payment of taxes and if they were increased would in many cases work a forfeiture of the land. The great question that ought to concern us most is not the raising of valuations and increase of taxes, but the study of economy in the administration of government. Stop all the leaks in municipal, county and state administrations where there are any, get everything down on a level with the times and there will be less demand for high taxes. As a rule the people of a great city are much more able to pay taxes than are the country people. Most of our rich men live in the cities, and we doubt whether they pay as much tax in proportion to their real wealth as the poorest real estate owners in the country districts.

Triplet Tally.

EDITOR CUPPICK:

—I am feeling quite elated, both for myself and old Chariton county. I have just received a paper of awards of premiums at the Trenton Poultry show; over 200 birds competing, and I being the only Chariton county representative, won nine premiums on fowls, on all exhibits except two of the varieties I sent. Hope to do better next time and add my mite to "county credit." Kansas, Iowa and Missouri were represented by numbers of fowls. B. N. Pierce, of Indianapolis, who is counted one of the best judges in the United States, was present.

There were entered for competition the following breeds: Light and dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, black Cochins, buff Cochins, Longshank, Plymouth Rock, Wyandottes, black-breasted red games, brown-red games; silver-spangled Hamburgs; silver-penciled Hamburgs; Hondans; golden Polish; white-crested black Polish; single-comb white Leghorns; rose-comb white Leghorns; single and rose-comb brown Leghorn; black-breasted red game Bantams; black Java's; pearl guineas; white Holland turkeys; Embden geese; Pekin ducks; pigeons and shipping coops.

The show was well attended, commencing on Feb. 5th and ending on the 6th. Seventy-five lowest score of points, 100 being the best.

—Just now the absorbing topic is the wedding of Mr. Newton Meador and Miss Jessie Walker, of which I will write more later.

Dr. Bowman's mother is quite ill with neuralgia of the stomach.

—Wm. Bowman is getting ready to re-build his house which was destroyed by fire last week. The insurance agent will be sure to reap a good per cent. just now in this neighborhood, among the uninsured.

—I am afraid "Bridget Donahue" will share the fate of her prototype: "You'll take the name of —" and I'll take Donahue."

—I thought sometime ago I'd try and tell that forlorn swain from Salisbury how to read. If he will read the following correctly he will get the true idea. For example: "Happy that man may pass his life, Who is directed by a wife; Who's free from matrimonial chains, Is sure to suffer for his pains."

Adam could find no solid peace, Full he beheld a woman's face; When Eve was given him for a mate, Adam was in a happy state.

For in the female race appear True friendship, and a heart sincere; Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride, In woman never can reside.

What tongue is able to unfold, The virtues you in her behold, Are almost imperceptible.

They're always studying to employ Their leisure hours in virtuous joy; Their time in malice, and in lies To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise.

Destitution to those men, I say, Who no regard to women pay, Who make the fair their chief delight, Keep reason always in their sight."

Let me add: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Don't cry "sour grapes."

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For Justices of the Peace, Township and

Road Officers, also all kinds of

DEEDS,

At St. Louis Prices.

We Solicit Your Patronage.

of pickle boats and individual salts

and peppers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Knappenberger, handsome walnut and cane rocking chair.

R. Z. and W. W. Walker, set nut crackers and picks.

J. F. Plunkett, lovely lamp and ornamental chimney and globe.

Miss Dixie Marsh, glass cake stand.

Miss Carrie McFerran, set stamped and fringed towels.

Miss Fannie Jennings, set table linen.

C. F. Bowman and wife, set teaspoons.

Miss Bennie Younger, wild rose decorative plaque.

Mrs. E. Griffin, card-receiver.

W. D. Harper, plush-bound mirror.

T. W. and O. W. Sanders, silver-carved basket.

Miss Eva Knappenberger, set napkins.

W. A. Knappenberger, set Bohemian glasses.

Dr. J. B. Worley, lovely fringed, double, floral congratulatory card.

Thos. C. Watson and Lee Bowersmith, carver and fork.

Miss Stella Shannon, set towels.

Robt. Morehead and wife, set silver teaspoons.

Dr. and Mrs. W. O. McLeod, set Majolica ware.

Miss Stella Daniels, set worked pillow shams.

Tom and Lucy Gilliam, table linen.

Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Bowman, bouquet of rare flowers, and pair thorough-bred fowls.

Sister of the bride, a handsome testament.

Mr. and Mrs. Meador will leave for Roanoke, where for the present we learn, they will reside.

We must say we don't see what all the Chariton county boys are about to let the boys from other counties carry off all our pretty girls, but they have to take pretty ones or none at all.

—Oh yes! I must not forget to say I saw "Bridget Donahue" at the wedding. She was a prominent figure—at the supper table—and attracted more attention from—the waiters than anyone else. I wonder if she fed them; I know they did feed her. There is one thing, she can't talk when she is eating. One widow there expressed herself so much pleased with the whole affair, that if and if—he would duplicate it at an early day.

—By the by, what has become of "Aunt Sally," of Indian Grove? I hope she too, hasn't gone off with the "wrong hood" or bonnet.

LUNA C.

CARELESS nurses have let children fall, and injured them for life. They have also given them doses of cough mixtures containing opiates with fatal results. There is no danger in Red Star Cough Cure. Free from narcotics. Only 25 cents. Prompt, safe, cure.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

WHITE OAK HILL SCHOOL.

—Report of the White Oak Hill school, for the term commencing September 21, 1885, and ending February 14, 1886:

Spelling, class A—Florence Green, Mollie Emmons, 95; Lind Stephenson, Laura Green, Mary L. Stephenson, Alfred Green, 80.

Class B—Emma Stephen, 98; Otis Rials, 95.

Fifth Reader—Joseph Green, Mollie Emmons, Laura Green, Ling Stephenson, 90.

Fourth Reader—Eddie Cady, Scott Watson, George Ross, 95.

Third Reader—Emma Stephenson, Otis Rials, 95; Gracie Van Buskirk, 90.

Second Reader—Lizzie Phillips, Willie Hedrick, 90; Paul Phillips, Elbert Van Buskirk, 85.

English Grammar, class A—Mary Lee Stephenson, Florence Green, 95; Alfred Green, Geo. Green, 90.

Class B—Lina Stephenson, Mollie Emmons, 90; Laura Green, Joseph Green, 85.

Intellectual Arithmetic Mollie Emmons, Lina Stephenson, Joseph Green, 100; Laura Green, George Ross, 95; Scott Watson, 90.

Primary Arithmetic—Emma Stephenson, Eddie Cady, 95.

Practical Arithmetic, class A—Alfred Green, 100.

Class B—Lina Stephenson, Mollie Emmons, George Ross, 95; Joseph Green, Laura Green, 90.

Mary L. Stephenson, Florence Green, 90.

Algebra—George Green, Florence Green, Mary Lee Stephenson, 95.

U. S. History—Alfred Green, Florence Green, 90.

Civil Government—Mary L. Stephenson, George Green, 100.

—I don't know how to brag, but if I did I would say that "White Oak Hill has the—well, as good, studious and obedient a set of children as any in the county."

Respectfully submitted,

M. W. Anderson.